

J. Dolbeare

FREDERICK
AND
AUGUSTA.
An ODE.

By one of the People called Quakers.



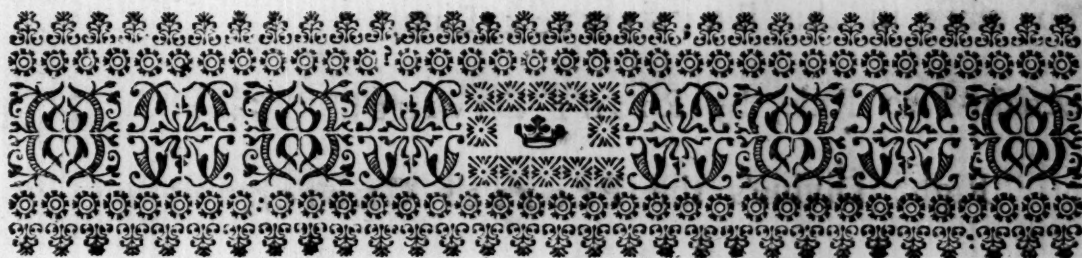
L O N D O N :

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FREDERICK

A N D

AUGUSTA, &c.

I.



AIL BRITANNIA, Queen of Isles,

Deck'd with Joy, and dimpled Smiles ;

The *Indian* Mines augment thy Store,

Thy *Golden Fleece*, is *Indian Ore* !

Happy Omen to the MUSES Choice,

That Joy and Plenty first demands her Voice,

A 2

To

To usher in the BRUNSWICK Line,
Ordain'd to Rule, by RIGHT DIVINE;

Right Divine's the PEOPLE'S CHOICE,

Right Divine's the GENERAL VOICE.

'Thy Reign, O Royal *GEORGE*, of late,
Was fill'd with Care, when Wars alarm'd the State,
And, by *Bourbon's* House in League combin'd,
The Conquest of all *Europe*, seem'd design'd;

But by thy steady Counsels quell'd,

The Threatning Storms were soon dispell'd!

Now flowing Joys, 'tis fit should drown

The Cares attendant on a Crown;

But Souls, like Thine, no trivial Pleasures taste,

What gives Thee Joy, to future Times will last;

And like the Blessing Heav'n bestows,

The more it is enjoy'd, more fresh and youthful grows.

II.

HAD th' OMNIPOTENT, no farther Bliss design'd

To the Sire of all MANKIND,

But that HIMSELF in PARADICE,

Of Herbs and Fruits, might take the choice,

With Him the Blessing must have ended,

And no productive Happiness descended ;

But INCREASE and MULTIPLY,

Sweet Law, proceeding from the DEITY,

Made Ages yet to come, His own,

And future Happiness, Fore-known ;

O Royal GEORGE, thy Reign's no less

Than one continued Happiness ;

Yet still thy Care's being for POSTERITY,

Those Golden Moments to supply,

Left Tyranny their Glories should efface,
 Godlike PRINCE, of thy own Sovereign Grace,
 Does thy Crown's and Virtue's Heir engage
 The sacred Blessing to transmit, and guard thro' ev'ry Age.

III.

HAIL, Royal PAIR! may Heav'nly Influence spread,
 Genial Blessings o'er the NUPTIAL BED!

Let every *Briton* take Delight,

Let every succeeding Year,

While Sun and Moon, and Stars appear;

Confecrate to Joy this most auspicious Night.

I dare not, heav'nly LIBERTY,

I dare not, when inspir'd by Thee,

Our former Princes Characters profane,

From all Invectives will the MUSE refrain;

They,

They, and their Faults, sleep in one silent Grave,
 What more are they than Dust ? What less the meanest Slave ?

But thy Joys are everlasting,
 Ever springing, never waiting ;
 Treasure undisturb'd and pure,
 Eternally may'st thou endure,
 And like the Streams of fruitful Nile,
 O' rewhelm with Wealth thy fav'rite Isle.

IV.

NOR Human Laws, nor those Divine,
 Did yet with that full Lustre shine,
 To carry their own Evidence,
 But that Interpreters would wrest the Sense,
 Except those Laws, stamp'd on the Soul,
 Which Bigotry nor Art can e'er controul ;

Again

Again their Force returns,
 And with more Ardour burns;
 For like the beauteous Eye of Day,
 They irresistibly their Beams display;
 But this most precious LIBERTY,
 We absolutely owe to Thee;
 That we Eternal TRUTHS dare to confess,
 Inestimable HAPPINESS!

V.

By every Voice, it is agreed,
 Heroic Souls were first decreed;
 Ere REFORMATION'S Salutary End,
 Could be purchas'd, could be gain'd;
 Illustrious G O T H A, thy Great Ancestors,
 Were the Pillars of Fire by Night,
 Which to bewilder'd Minds gave Light;
 And shew'd, that *pure Religion* FORCE abhors. *First*

First Cause of all Things, why should Force abound ?

Why should *Force* such glorious Spirits wound ?

But best Eternal Wisdom knows,

When t' assert its sacred Laws ;

Tho' suff'ring Virtue was the Lot of *SAXONY*,

Great *NASSAU* swell'd the Sails of bounteous *LIBERTY*.

VI.

RETIRE a-while, my Soul, and view

PROVIDENCE'S sacred Clue ;

Mysterious, inexplicable Law,

From whence both *Good* and *Evil* seem to flow,

Soon our frail Understandings, loose the Sight

Of Wisdom Infinite ;

But let not impious Men deny,

The Justice of the *DEITY*.

From

Heroic Princes of the SAXON Line,
 From whom all *Protestants* derive their Name,
 And BRUNSWICK'S Race like Honour claim,
 In Vindicating RIGHTS DIVINE;
 Whom Fortune enviously beheld,
 Who were from your Realms expell'd.
 Now from your blissful Seats look down,
 Behold your *Royal Progeny* possess,
 On Earth, the most Illustrious Crown!
 Guarded by LIBERTY and HAPPINESS.

VII.

ESSENCE of BEING! overjoy'd,
 My Contemplation's now employ'd,
 In what Words to sing thy Praise,
 From what Book to choose the Phrase.

From

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From Writings, by thy self inspir'd,

When Songs and Hymns Divine were heard,

When by Heav'nly Wisdom fir'd,

Prophets and Kings thy Name revered,

Happy Age ! when Heav'n, Earth, Air and Sea,

Due Adoration paid to Thee :

Thy Beams O glorious Sun display'd,

The Silver Moon, with Robes of Light array'd ;

The spangl'd Beauties of the Sky,

Which through the Telescope of Night,

With Admiration, We descry,

And view their Motions with delight.

What Blessings from the various Seasons flow,

To every Being here Below ;

Were the Themes of sacred Verse,

Harmonious Nature best, thy Actions can rehearse.

VIII.

The Days of Ignorance are past,
And barb'rous Customs seem to breathe their last:

LIBERTY without a Check,

Like a young Horse, may break the Rider's Neck ;

But if wholesome Laws restrain,

If Sovereign Reason holds the Reín ;

RELIGION'S Self can not complain.

Ever happy, ever free,

One continu'd Harmony,

Britannia, seems decreed for Thee;

Beyond, O *Liberty* ! what our Forefathers knew,

Beyond what thy brave Patriots had in View.

IX.

Delightful Goddess say,

Did any Age such Joys display ?

Thy

Thy sweet Blossoms, brought no Pleasure,
 Their Fruit was Nipt, and lost the Treasure;

By Ecclesiastic Tyrants blasted,

Or seized by Prerogative, e'er tasted.

Behold heroic *ARTHUR* smoothes his Brow!

See *EGBERT*, Father of the *Saxon* Line!

Great *ALFRED* too o'erjoy'd, his Head recline!

And bless the glorious Show.

The Conqueror looks down in Tears,

And his Sons for many Years,

May now perceive, how Pow'r was misapply'd,

How *Lawless Pow'r*, the *People's Int'rest* did divide

From the *Regal Side*;

And when the Body's fever'd from the Head,

The *Soul* of *GOVERNMENT* is fled.

X.

See the *Third EDWARD* next, with Warlike Strides advance,
And *HENRY*, the Conqueror of *France* ;

View their Victorious Spoil, with Grief and Shame,

And wish to erase the very Name ;

For Victory, no Blessing ever gave,

Which the Conquer'd did enslave.

Never, never to destroy,

Did *BRUNSWICK*'s House their Pow'r employ ;

Their *Power*, which Emperors have courted !

Their *Power*, which Kingdoms has supported !

But, like the *Parent* of all *Good*,

Injustice, Violence, and Tyranny, withstood.

Sweet *AUGUSTA* ! may our Isle,

With blooming Joys, for ever on Thee smile,

THINE and *FREDERICK*'s Hours beguile.

And

And when by creeping Age weigh'd down,

For *Age* too, will o'ertake a Crown ;

Your *Royal Issue* still support

Your Years, and gladden all the Court.

May YOU, and Your *Illustrious Progeny*,

Continue *Guardians*, to sacred LIBERTY ;

As long as Nature, Joy can give,

As long as Natures self shall live.

F I N I S.

